REMARKS

ON

Dr. SACH———'s

Sach---'s.. Sacheverell's

SERMON

AT THE

Cathedral of St. PAUL,

November the Fifth.

Being Design'd as a

Seasonable Antidote against the Spreading Malignity of That Pestilent Discourse.

By WILLIAM BISSET, Eldest Brother of the Collegiate Church of St. *Katherine*.

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REMARKS
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Dr. *Sach*——'s Sermon, &c.

Sach—— s—— Sacheverell's

IT cannot but be Matter of very ſad and melancholy Reflection to all who ſincerely ſeek, and pray for the Peace of *Jeruſalem*, that we may lead a quiet and peaceable Life in all Godlineſs and Honeſty, to obſerve the wild and unaccountable Efforts of reſtleſs Spirits, to divide and embroil us under the beſt and mildeſt of Governments: And I have often wonder'd whereto theſe Things will grow; there being great Numbers, who thro' Wearineſs of Taxes, a Surfeit of Liberty, or a Deſire of Change, are like the *Iſraelites*, for returning into *Egypt*, and bringing upon their own and *Our Necks, that Yoke, which neither they, nor their Fathers, were able to bear.* I happened, not long ſince, into the Company of ſeveral Perſons of conſiderable Figure, Strangers to me, who all glory'd in being *Jacobites*, and openly declar'd for the Title of the *Pretended Prince of Wales.* But what ſtartled me moſt, was, a Sermon I happen'd to hear (for I knew not who was to Preach) at the Cathedral Church, and before the Magiſtracy of this great City, on the 5th Inſtant; in which, as I told ſome that were near me, (tho' I was call'd Rogue and Devil for it) if the Preacher ſhould obtain his End, and perſuade Proteſtants that differ in ſome leſſer Points, (in which Mankind will as ſoon be exactly of the ſame Stature and Complexion as of the ſame Judgment,) to hate

hate one another as heartily as he would have them, we ſhould quickly be altogether by the Ears, and the Pretender might make his Triumphant Entry as ſoon as he pleas'd, (for he flatly declar'd againſt all Reſiſtance of Princes upon what Pretence ſoever.) I ſoon began to ſuſpect what he would be at, when I found in his Thankſgiving before Sermon, (which was not ſhort) not a Word of the two great Mercies of the Day; but he ſurpaſs'd afterwards mine, and I believe all the Hearers Expectations. Such a ſpiteful piece of Impertinence was never heard ſince the Diſcovery of the *Powder-Plot*: For a Sermon on that Day to be wholly levell'd againſt Proteſtants (for the Papiſts had but a little, and that by the By) and his Deſign was plain from the Text, which was nothing to the purpoſe of the Day [*In Perils among falſe Brethren.*] For I think 'tis not uſual to call the Papiſts Brethren (tho' perhaps he would not much ſcruple to give them the Right Hand of Fellowſhip) who term and treat us as Heretick Dogs, and far worſe; for 'tis not enough with them to diſpatch us like Dogs, by hanging, or knocking us o'th' Head, unleſs they make Bonfires of us.

I'm verily perſuaded, the moſt bigotted Jeſuit in *France*, has, if not more Charity, at leaſt more Wit, than to rail at the *Hugonots* in ſuch Virulent and Unchriſtian Language. But having hung out, 8 Years ago, the *Bloody Flag*, he ſcorn'd (whatever the Queen and Parliament requir'd) to put out now the *Union-Flag*; but I wonder how he durſt ſo boldly (tho' he boaſted indeed much of his Courage) hang out againſt all the *Flag of Defiance?* For having inveigh'd, for above an hour, againſt *Toleration*, *Comprehenſion*, *Moderation*, (and I wonder the Chime did not bring in *Abdication*) tho' he told us, (and 'twas the trueſt Word he ſaid) that he had tir'd our Patience, yet he held us above half an hour longer, (a piece of Phanaticiſm I ſhould never have thought he would have been guilty of;) but his main Spleen was againſt that [*Mungrel Uni-*

on,—which has brought the Church into a Conventicle.] The *Mungrel Union!* A Noble Metaphor! Scarce to be match'd in all *Flores Poetarum* or *Farmulæ Oratoriæ*, and well-becoming the Mouth of such an Accomplish'd University-Orator, and most admirably fitted to the Roman Style of Heretick Dogs! Sure he cannot miss the Thanks of the House (tho' he did of the Court before which he preach'd,) for such a charming Complement to the United Nations. If he would have unfolded his Meaning, and spoke in Words at length, and not in Figures, this (or I have greatly lost my aim) is a just Paraphrase upon the Text, *viz.* That *English* Bull-Dogs and *Scotch* Blood-Hounds, by a monst'rous and unnatural Mixture, will produce a degenerate spurious Breed of *British* Curs, good for nothing, (will those *mighty Hunters*, the Pope and his Setter, our Modern *Nimrod*, *Louis le Grand* say) but e'en to die on a Dunghil, or be knock'd o'th' Head. He was very positive upon the Point, that all *who dissent from the Church, are Traytors to the State.* I find, if he were Lord Chief Justice, and could always get Sheriffs and Juries to his Mind, he would fill the whole Kingdom with more Heads and Quarters than *Jeffreys* did the *West.* I thought it unfair for one of the Sacred Function to tell the Parliament on the 30th of *January*, *that there are many in the Neighbouring City that would act the same Tragedy over again.* If he were indeed privy to such a Design, and spoke upon Knowledge, and not by guess, he should have nam'd them, and not involv'd the Innocent in a general Calumny. For I see no more reason why *Cromwell*'s Tricking and Ambition should be charg'd on all the Dissenters, (many of whom vigorously oppos'd it,) than A. B. *Williams*'s raising Forces against the King in *Wales* on all of the Episcopal Persuasion. But to pronounce them all Traytors at a Clap, is a way of Lumping, fit only for a *Nero*, who wish'd all the *Romans* had but one Neck; or that more barbarous Wretch, who lately

wish'd

wish'd all Dissenters in one Burning Cauldron together. But to proceed: *Is not the Church in Danger,* (said the Doctor) *when——her WORST Enemies are brought into her Bowels?* It seems the Papists are *Doves* and *Lambs* in Comparison.

Since from Geneve *the Meagre Wolf appears,*
And pricks up his Predestinating Ears.

As his Friend *Dryden* has it in *Hind & Pan.*

I pray God it be not in Danger; but remember that the King's Person was Voted to be out of Danger, when it was resolv'd to Cut off his Head. A special Complement to both Houses of Parliament, who were so Dim-sighted, that with all their Eyes they could not discern the Threatning Mischiefs as well as the Doctor. To go on; He declar'd these *False Brethren for a small matter of gain,* (a Charge I never durst lay to the *Papists*) *would Fall down and Worship the Devil.* Nay, he assur'd us, that Toleration and Occasional Conformity had, or would make the Church not *only a Den of Thieves, but a Legion of Devils*; and 'tis much for one Devil, and a very unruly Devil, that's altogether for Anarchy and Levelling, (as he made 'em,) to fall down and worship another. At last, having charg'd the *Magistrate to draw the Sword,* and (which is special Breeding in a private Fellow of a College,) *the Bishops to thunder out* (that was his word) *their Anathema's against them,* he assign'd them all *their Portion with the Devil and his Angels, with whom* (said the Doctor, in his excess of Charity) *I now leave them; for to that Company they belong.*

Was there ever such Language heard from the Pulpit? Sure he was so full of his Sermon, that he never heard our Saviour's Reprimand to the *fiery Zealots* in the Gospel for the day, *Ye know not what manner of Spirit ye are of.* These (said he) *some will call High-flown Principles.* What others may call them, I know not,

but

but to me they seem as *Low-fetch* as the *Bottomless-Pit*; and directing his Discourse to his Confidents, of whom I suppose there were not a few, (for I had like to have been Mobb'd amongst them) *they call us* (said he) *Papists and Jacobites*, (a Guilty Conscience needs no Accuser) but never so much as told us that they are call'd out of their Name. He came at last to the Bishops, as being (poor Man) *in Perils among false Fathers too*; and first had a Flirt at the Lord Bishop of *Sarum*, (but Comparisons he said are Odious,) and then that *false Son of the Church Archbishop* Grindal. Some look upon me as Anti-Episcopal, because I am of Her Majesties mind, that all *British Protestants*, who hold the same Fundamentals, *should keep the Unity of the Spirit in the Bond of Peace, and be like-minded one towards another, lest Satan get an Advantage of us, for we are not ignorant of his Devices.* Yet I solemnly protest, that I bear [a very great Reverence and unfeigned Duty] to my most Reverend *Metropolitan*, the Arch-Bishop of *Canterbury*, as also to my Right Reverend Diocesan, the Bishop of *Peterborough*, whose Jurisdiction I never once oppos'd or deny'd.

But if any, like this doughty Doctor, be Enemies to the *Revolution*, and the *Reformation of Manners*, *disparage* the one, and *discourage* the other, I cannot, I must own, pay them real Reverence; yet I shall not proclaim them (like him) *false Sons of the Church*, i. e. *Bastards, and not Sons.*

As to the *Revolution*, of which the Fifth of *November* is now a Standing Memorial, the Doctor would face us all down, (and you'll say he must have a good Stock of Confidence to do it) that *His late Majesty* came over without the least imaginable Thoughts of Resistance, and consequently brought with him 50 Ships of War, and 14000 Soldiers, only for the greater State and Ceremony, to make his Father-in-Law a Court-Visit, and wish him Joy of a Son and Heir.

Credat Judæus Apella. Non Ego.

After

After having thus cast *Firebrands, Arrows and Death*, (which I suppose gave Rise to a Report which I heard from several, *That St.* Pauls *was on Fire a Saturday*,) I must needs say it griev'd me not a little, to see him ride in Triumph thro' the City, as being Conqueror, and *more than Conqueror* over Christian Charity, and even common Humanity; and much more was I griev'd to consider, that there should be found such a select Sett of Citizens, as would bring such an Incendiary within the Bills of Mortality, as dangerous as a Lighted Faggot in an high Wind into the Tower.

But God be prais'd, those Wise Magistrates, the *Court of* ALDERMEN, had more Discretion than to desire him to Print, and set the Town and Kingdom in a Flame. If he should do it of his own Head, I doubt not, (for all his boasted Courage) many Passages will be left out, or put in a new Dress from what they were deliver'd in.

To conclude this needful Advertisement, (for I dare not, nor would he have me, *make my self partaker of other Mens Sins, bear Cursing, and not bewray it*, and profess my abhorrence of it,) with a short Reflection. What a Brazen-fac'd Banter is it, for such as explode, defie and condemn, not only all that Dissent amongst us, but almost all other Reform'd Churches, as the *Dutch, North-British, Swiss*, &c. to pretend a Zeal against *Rome* and *France*, and for the Establish'd Church, (unless they mean by a well-known Quibble, that Establish'd in Queen *Mary*'s Reign.) The *Rehearser* deals much more fairly, and speaks more consistently with his own and his Brethrens Principles; who proposes an Union with the *Gallican Papists*: For Unite we must with some or other, if ever we hope to stand our Ground. And does it stand to reason, that a Church or Kingdom, of 300 Miles extent, should be a Match by it self against all the vast Regions that submit to the Papal Usurpation? This is just such Ecclesiastical Policy as theirs is Civil, who would have us break with

with the *Dutch*, *Germans*, &c. becauſe they are for their own ends, *(as if all Men did not ſeek their own)* and carry on the War againſt *France* and *Spain* by our ſelves; and he muſt be Blind, that cannot diſcern the manifeſt tendency of ſuch a Project.

I cannot greatly doubt, but all who really love the Church, and do not uſe as the Factious *Jews* did their *Faſts for Strife and Contention*, will herein agree with me, (at leaſt as Matters now ſtand) when the cloſeſt Union of Proteſtants is (under God) our only Strength and Security againſt the United Power of *Antichriſt*, according to the wiſe Council of the Lord *Paget*, related by the Learned Biſhop of *Sarum*, in his Hiſtory of the Reformation to the Duke of *Somerſet*, then Protector, and the Lord High Admiral, his Brother, (tho' they had not the Wit to take it.) *That they might moſt certainly conclude, that whoever went about (were their Pretences never ſo ſpecious) to raiſe and foment Animoſities and Miſunderſtandings between them, had a deſign at the bottom,* (and he was too true a Prophet, truer by far than our *New Ones* have prov'd) *to deſtroy them both.*

FINIS.